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HOW THE BABY CAME.

Where did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get the eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pretty ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherub's wings.

How did they all come just to be you?
God thought of me and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, my dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

A "REAL-LIFE" STORY.

'No; I refuse.'

'Reflect a moment, Myrtle, I beseech you! You hold my life and happiness in your hands' —and the voice of Adelbert Tompkins trembled as he spoke these words with an earnestness that forbade, even for an instant, any doubt as to their being the outpourings of his heart.

Myrtle Mahaffy was a beautiful girl, just budding into sweet womanhood, and Adelbert loved her dearly. They had wandered together this summer afternoon from the matinee to the street-car, and he had asked her to be his wife. It was in answer to this question—the earnest appeal of a man whose whole nature was wrapped up in a passion he could neither control nor cast aside—that Myrtle had spoken the words with which our story opens. She had uttered them lightly, even carelessly, and at the instant they were falling upon Adelbert's ears with the horrible distinctness that marks the ringing of a prison-bell as it tolls the knell of the murderer within the walls of the dungeon beneath, had smiled witchingly upon Reginold Caryll, who was passing, and said, 'How do?' in a cheery voice to a girl friend who accompanied him, but at heart Myrtle knew that she was taking a step that might alter the whole course of her life. She was a girl of strong perceptive faculties, a keen judge of human nature, and knew that he who had spoken to her those words that breathed only devotion and love was a man of many good qualities and that he would cherish and protect her with his life's blood if necessary. But still she could not bring herself to marry him. She had watched him closely during an acquaintance of nearly two years, and noticed with pain how he sedulously avoided candy stores and ice-cream saloons. 'I can never marry a man,' she had said to her mother one day, 'who shies at the sight of a candy-store like a country horse at a fire-engine.' And when the expected avowal came she had kept her word.

Adelbert turned around in a dazed sort of way after Myrtle had rejected him, and walked swiftly towards the dry-goods store which had been so fortunate as to secure his services. Suddenly the merry twinkle of a street-car bell aroused him from the reverie into which he had fallen. 'Great heavens!' he said, 'I forgot to pay her car fare. No matter if the proud beauty scorned my proffered love, I should not have done this. She will think it is not the Tompkins blood that runs in my veins, but that of some base-born, cringing menial whose mind is tinged with sordid thoughts—'and he chewed so nervously at a toothpick that a fellow-clerk who met him imagined that perchance he had been invited to dinner.

All the afternoon Adelbert stood moodily behind the ribbon counter thinking of how he should revenge himself on the naughty girl who had wrecked his happiness. At precisely 4:30 o'clock a fierce joy lighted up his countenance, and putting on his hat he left the store. * * * *

As the bells of St. Agnes' Church were striking 9 a young man sprang lightly up the steps of a magnificent residence, and was soon seated in the sumptuously-furnished parlor. The proprietor of the house, a benevolent-looking old gentleman, entered the room. 'Do you wish to see me?' he said to Adelbert Tompkins—for it was he who had sprang lightly up the steps.

'Yes,' replied the young man, 'you are the person I seek.'

'What would you?' said the old gentleman.

'You are the Cashier in the ——— Bank, I believe?' said the young man.

'I am.'

'You have been stealing the concern's money. Do not seek to deceive me. You are a Cashier; 'tis enough. Give me $20,000 or I will expose you and ruin your life. Having heard me twitter you can choose your own course,' and calmly cutting a chew of tobacco from a plug which he fished from his coat-tail pocket Adelbert waited for a reply to his cruel words.

For an instant the Cashier did not move, and then going to an elegant *escretoire* which stood in a corner of the room he wrote a check for $50,000, certified it and handed the piece of paper —now a fortune—to the young man.

'I have but one favor to ask,' he said, 'and that is, that you will marry my daughter. I wouldn't like to let as sure a thing as you are go out of the family. She has $100,000 in her own right, and when I am dead and the bank Directors are in jail on account of my bookeeping it will suffice to keep you in comfort.

'I accept your terms,' was all that Adelbert said as he left the house.

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Two months later Myrtle Mahaffy, the Cashier's only child, became Adelbert's bonny bride. One child, a blue-eyed boy with golden hair, has blessed the union, and as he sits on his grandfather's knee in front of the fire, and asks in his innocent, childish way if 'papa isn't a smart man,' the old gentleman kisses him fondly, and says in soft, low tones:

'You're singing on the right key now, sonny.'—*From 'In Sunshine and Shadow,' by M. Halstead.*

'There's my hand," he exclaimed, in a moment of courage and candor, "and my heart is in it! She glanced at the empty palm extended towards her, an wickedly replied, "Just as I suppose —you have no heart."

AUTUMN WOODS.

Ere, in the northern gale,
The Summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of Autumn all around our vale
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that enfold
In their wide sweep the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow—
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet southwest, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strewn
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends that gaie to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,
Verdure and gloom, where many branches met;
So grateful when the noon of Summer made
The valley rich with heat?

Let in through all the trees
Come the strange rays: the forest depths are bright;
Their sunny colored foliage in the breeze
Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,
Where, bickering through the shrub, its waters run,
Shines with the image of its golden screen,
And glimmerings of the sun.

Beneath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,
Nor mark within its roseate canopy
Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn, why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair, sunny moon,
And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest'd,
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the tresses of the soft southwest
To rove and dream for aye:

And leave the vain, low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

Wm. C. Bryant.

JACK--A MENDICANT.

From Belgravia.

A smooth haired, whitish-brown terrier it was, with cropped ears, a black patch over one eye, and only half a tail; a thin, shadowy sort of thing that used to grub about in the twilight in the gutters, and in odd corners where poor people throw waste and rubbish, picking up its own living as best it could. If it had not known how to 'fend for itself,' it must have fared hardly indeed; for though it had a master who loved it as he would have loved the sun in the heavens, could his blind eyes have been lighted for one moment by its beams, and who treasured it as he did the memory of his dead wife, dead daughter, dead grandchild, yet he had nothing but his love to give it, and love, as we all know, though it never faileth, and is greater than faith and hope, yet in hard times cannot so much as buy an ounce of bread; nor even get a bone for a dog.

Caleb had been blind for more than twenty years. Once he had been a strong skilful workman who had never known a dinnerless table nor fireless hearth. Things had gone well with him in early life; he had married a stout young country-woman, and had only one child by her—a blue-eyed, fair-haired darling, whom they had christened Martha, but whom everyone loved to call Mattie. She looked as if she had been born to a pet name, and she stuck to it as a right. Mattie was sent to school and taught embroideries and needlework; she was not to work hard, as her father and mother had done before her, but was to lead the quiet gentle sort of life God so evidently intended her for; and if, by and by, when father and mother were getting old and could no longer work for their darling, some good honest workman was to come along and offer to marry her—well!—then he should have her, and God's blessing go with her.

But before Mattie was ten years old, or there was any thought of father and mother getting old, Caleb's great trouble had come upon him. There was a huge fire at the factory where he worked, and Caleb, in his zeal to save his master's property, was much burnt about his face, arms and chest. They took him to the hospital, where they did the best they could for him, and he came out of it in a month's time with limbs patched, face sound though scarred, but eyesight gone forever.

How the stout young wife would have wept over him if she had had time to weep! But time meant money in those days, and she set to work with a will to get the daily bread. No more embroideries for little Mattie; sewing and stitching will serve her in better stead now, for she can earn a shilling here and a shilling there, by plain needle-work among her poor neighbors.

And so things went on for ten years or more. Caleb turned woman in the house, and cooked their small meals, and kept things straight and neat as he could without his eyesight; and the women turned men, as poor women often have to do, and brought in the pounds and shillings, or, failing the pounds, the shillings, and the pennies, and even in those days had always wherewithal to help a brother or a sister less fortunate than themselves.

Then there came another change; fever set in in that neighborhood, and the brave strong mother was the first to fall a victim to it. Caleb was dazed with grief. Mattie wept her heart out, then set to work again, but this time with less of spirit and courage. From house to house Caleb groped his way, begging for work—he would do what he could for a sixpence a day; he was, so he said, 'a giant in strength.' 'True,' said the people; 'but a blind giant is of no use to us, and we are too poor to pay sixpence a day for nothing.'

'I will go into the workhouse,' said Caleb. 'No man shall say I live idle upon my little girl's earnings.' Then Mattie clung about his knees and besought him not to leave her, telling him a secret he had meant to tell the dead mother, how that she had married secretly a fine-looking young fellow, who had gone, she knew not where, nor even whether the name in which he had married her were his own.

Caleb lifted up his voice and cursed the day wherein he had lost his eyesight. 'If I had but the glimmer of daylight wherewith to guide my steps, I would search the world through to find the false-hearted coward who has brought this shame to our door. Lord, Thou hast dealt hardly with me indeed!' he said, with his sightless balls lifted heavenward.

Mattie drooped day by day, but still she managed to keep her customers together, and sent home smart dresses for gay young shop-girls to wear in the summer evenings when they went walking out with their sweethearts. By and by a second Mattie came—a little fair-haired, blue-eyed thing, like Mattie the first; and though Caleb cursed again the false-hearted man who had left his Mattie to struggle through her troubles alone, the little creature came like a gleam of sunshine into the dark life, and no one thought more of her baby comforts, or took more tender care of the tiny fragile thing, than the old blind grandfather.

For Caleb was fast becoming a prematurely old man now. He lacked the first of youth's greatest preservers—honest, steady, constant work; and he lacked also the second—good, plain, wholesome food. What wonder if his back was bent, his brow wrinkled and his hair thin and gray!

How they managed to struggle through another five years he did not know, no one quite knew. The furniture in the little room (they had only one room now) grew less and less; also their bread was often eaten without butter; also when the winter came round Mattie began to have a cough and complain of a pain at her chest. Then Caleb whispered something in little Mattie's ear, and the child led him down the stairs and along the streets to a bright sunshiny wall in the big city, where people were passing backward and forward all day long, and where, if the old blind man held out his hat, there might be a chance of finding a few stray pence in it at the end of the day.

The poor people in the house where they lived felt their hearts touched when they saw the old man and the small white child creeping down the stairs together, and heard the poor suffering daughter coughing as she stooped over her dresses and shirts. They shook their heads at each other: 'It can't go on much longer,' said one to the other; 'and what they'll do without her, God only knows.' So they would give little Mattie a cup of tea or a bit of cheese to take to her mother, and the mother would drink the tea and give the cheese to the little one, and smile and shake her head and say she couldn't eat.

And one day a small rough boy in the house brought to little Mattie a white terrier pup. 'Father was going to drown it,' he said, 'but I told him I thought you would like it, and may be by and by 'twill help to lead the old man along.' Little Mattie took the puppy gratefully and called him Jack after her boy friend. They knotted a piece of cord together and put it round Jack's neck, and every day the old man, the child and the terrier pup were to be seen finding their way along the streets to the bright sunshiny wall.

Once as they stood thus in the bleak March weather, with a northwest wind sweeping the streets and dritting the dust into clouds that shut out the Spring sunbeams, a poor woman came hurriedly up to them. 'You'd best make haste home, Caleb,' she said, 'if you want to see your daughter again alive.' She forgot, poor soul, for the moment that Caleb hadn't seen his daughter for ten years or more, and never could—in this life, at any rate, see her again. But poor people, you know, haven't much time to spend in choosing their words, and they don't expect other people to be very nice in the matter either.

So Mattie and Jack and the grandfather trudged the streets, and for once in a way got home by daylight, to find Mattie the elder (poor child, she wasn't five-and-twenty then) lying on the bed, the sheet stained with blood, and her feet and hands growing damp and cold.

'She's goin' fast,' said one of the women about the bedside.

'O God,' cried Caleb, kneeling down on the bare boards, 'if only for one moment I might see those blue eyes before they close forever!' Useless the prayer, the beating of the hands against the closed barred doors; Mattie's life ebbed out that day before the twilight fell, and—well—two days after, there was another mound in the big pauper burial place outside the city. That was all.

'Yet I live on,' said Caleb, as day after day he took his stand by the sunshiny wall, Mattie by his side and Jack on his haunches a little in front. Mattie's clothes were very thin now, and her shoes almost dropping from her feet. One by one the little odd comforts the dead mother had bought her were taken to the pawnshop, and a few coppers, or at most a sixpence, brought back in return. As winter crept on she began to grow white and shiver as the mother had done and then cough and draw her breath in as though to let it ou gave her pain. The neighbors began to shake their heads again as they had over the mother. 'She's going the same way,' they said, whispering together 'and God help the old man then!' Going the same way, was she? Before the first winter snow had settled on the mother's grave, she was gone. And Caleb? Well, he had his dog left him, and his old clothes, and his sunshiny wall, and what would you more? Poor people can't have everything they want, you know, in this life.

When little Mattie lay stretched white and cold on the mattress on the floor (the bedstead had long since disappeared) on which her mother had died, the poor people came in and did the best they could for her; poor people are not always thrashing horses and kicking dogs to death, as some think; they sometimes do little kindnesses one for the other, and show a refinement which people in higher ranks occasionally forget. So one brought a clean white sheet and wrapped the little girl in it, another combed out her fair hair, and a third (a flower-girl) put a spray of fern and geranium into her small, thin hand.

'She's looking that lovely, Caleb, she is,' said a brown old woman of sixty with a handkerchief tied over her head.

'Lord, for this once!' pleaded Caleb, lifting his hands high above his head. 'For one moment only let my eyes be opened, that they may see the face I have loved and never known.' The poor people stood back and heard his prayer, with their breath drawn in. Almost they expected a miracle to be performed—had they not heard of such things in the churches?—and for a moment the film to be lifted from Caleb's eyes, that they might rest on the face he had loved so well, before the cold earth had shut it in for evermore.

All in vain. No answering Ephphatha was breathed down from the silent everlasting heavens. Caleb's hands fell down helplessly to his side, and Jack crept out of a corner and licked them, and then the parish people sent their undertakers to carry Mattie away to the same big cemetery where her mother was sleeping.

All gone but Jack! Well, a dog is something, after all, to have left one; and when one is old and blind, and poor, one doesn't expect a great deal in life, you know, but is just thankful for a crust of bread to eat, some straw or old clothes to lie down on at night, and a sunshiny wall to lean against in the day time; so the dog was altogether something extra in the way of mercies. 'How he do live on is a marvel,' one to another would wonder, watching the old man creeping down stairs day after day to take his stand in the streets; and 'the dog is like a child to him now,' they would say as they noted Jack sitting on his stump of a tail, waiting for a gap in the crush of carts and carriages before he would venture to lead his master across the busy highroad.

It was in those days that Jack first began to 'fend for himself.' As long as the two Matties lived, there was always a plate of odds and ends of some sort—scrape it together how they might—waiting for him inside the door when he came in from his morning's work; but after they were gone, things were different. It was hard work enough for Caleb to get his own daily bread and collect the eighteen pennies which paid for his miserable little cupboard (attic it was supposed to be) at the top of the house; so when he came in at four o'clock in the winter's twilight with a loaf of bread and a few pence, the cord was unknotted from Jack's neck and the poor animal let free to forage for himself in the alleys and gutters. Jack in this way became very punctual in his habits. At four o'clock he was released from duty; it took him about an hour to find his din in the streets; and punctually at five he might be seen sneaking along some by street with a bone in his mouth, or the remnants of some fish, dodging skilfully between passers by till he reached home, where at his master's feet he would finish in calm enjoyment his hardly earned meal, to which, be it noted, Caleb never failed to add some portion of his own, however scanty it had been.

This winter of 1881 tried Jack and Caleb sorely. In the summer things had been a little better with them; people had a little more money to spend, and a few more half-pence would find their way into Caleb's hat; and Jack also would sometimes get a pat on the head and a biscuit or two thrown to him; but in the winter things began to go very hardly with them. Not that the people of the house were ever unkind to them. Poor souls! they were kind enough, as far as they had wherewithal to be kind; and one, who remembered the old man's wife, would come in and clean up his room for him; and another, who remembered the blue eyed Matties, would patch up his old clothes for him; and all would give a kind word or a pat to the faithful Jack, now the old man's sole companion and protector. More than this they couldn't do. You see, when people have hard work to keep their own and their children's bodies and souls together, they can't be expected to go about distributing loaves of bread, or have many remnants of meals to put down in their gutters to feed stray dogs and cats.

When the long frost set in in January, many and many a night did Jack and Caleb go dinnerless and supperless to bed. 'Times are a little rough just now, but we'll see them out together, eh, old friend?' Caleb would say when Jack came to lick his hand by way of good night, and to testify his opinion that, whatever happened, his master was in no sense to blame. Then they would turn in together, Caleb on his straw (the mattress had gone the way of his bedstead now,) with his head on an old box for a pillow, and the faithful Jack huddled up on his feet.

Would the frost never come to an end? It was all very well for ladies wrapped in their warm sealskins and velvets to say what a healthy Winter it was, and for young people with rosy cheeks, as they looked out their skates and pulled on their thick gauntlets, to descant on the glories of a "fine frost;" Caleb and Jack taking their stand against the wall—sunshiny, alas! no longer—would have told a different story. Ah, surely never did east wind sweep down so ruthlessly before, never before did snowstorm last so long, never before were streets so forlorn and empty of passers-by. Caleb and Jack went home one terrible day at least one hour earlier than usual—it was useless waiting there any longer for alms—Caleb with one halfpenny in his hat, and that the gift of a poor frozen-out crossing-sweeper who rightly judged the old man to be worse off than himself.

Part of a loaf was all Caleb's food that day. 'Eh, old doggie, thou shalt have thy bite of it,' he said, feeding Jack with crumbs in the hollow of his hand, 'for it's little enough thou'lt find for thyself in the gutters.' Little enough, indeed, anywhere, save snow and ice; and Jack may hunt high and Jack may hunt low, and thrust his patient old nose into all sorts of odd corners that seem to have a faint scent of red herring or haddock, but there's little enough of supper he'll get to-night.

What was it made him so late on this particular windy, frosty, snowy afternoon? Had he lost himself in a snow-drift? thought Caleb, setting open wide his door and listening in vain for the patter and scramble of the four little feet up the now carpetless stairs. Six, seven, eight o'clock came and went, and still no sign of Jack; and Caleb crept to bed at last, shivering and forlorn and with a sense of utter desolation and loneliness at his heart which he had never known before.

Frost, snow, sleet, east wind, went on through the night and began again with the dawn. 'Nay, but you're not going out, friend?' said a kindly old body, meeting Caleb on the stairs as the old man wearily and slowly was feeling his way down, 'There'll not be a soul in the streets with a penny to spare; you'll not get your bread that way to-day.'

'It's my Jack I'm going to look for to-day,' said the old man, 'not my bread; it may be he lost his way in the snow last night and he's waiting for me now in the old place by the wall. Give me a hand, neighbor, and help me along a bit, will ye?' So the woman helped him along to the wall, through the biting wind and snow, but no sign of Jack when they got there.

'We'll try the baker's shop,' said Caleb, thinking of their old haunts, and whether it were possible that the baker's wife, who sometimes threw Jack a broken biscuit, had taken him in, out of pity, for the night.

And while they were in the shop asking after the dog, there came in two children who had a strange story to tell, a story which froze Caleb's blood in his veins as he stood and listened. They had seen a dog, a dog for all the world as like Jack as could be, being led along the day before by two men who came out of a public house, and who talked and laughed loudly as they went along. One said, 'It doesn't do to be too tender-hearted in these hard times; human flesh and blood reckons before dog's flesh and blood any day in the week.' Said the other, 'And the doctor will give us a good 'arf-crown for him safe enough and ask no questions into the bargain.'

Caleb trembled from head to foot. 'Take me to his house,' he said in a voice that startled the children, for it vibrated and twanged like any old harpsichord with all the music gone out of it.

At the doctor's door the two children left him standing on the door-step, they themselves running away and peeping at him round the corner of the street A man-servant answered Caleb's ring. 'My dog!' said the old blind man in the same harsh trembling voice; 'what have you done with him? He's white-haired like me, and thin like me; you can count every rib in his body.'

Ugh! how cold it was! The east wind and sleet blew in the servant's face, and how could he be expected to stand there talking with an old blind man on the door-step? He half shut the door. 'Your dog, old man!' he said; 'we know nothing about dogs here.' He would have shut the door in Caleb's face, but the old man was too quick for him, and had put his stick across the threshold. 'My dog!' he repeated, louder and louder; 'white-haired, thin like me; you could count every rib he had!'

A gentleman was coming down stairs at this moment. He was dressed in the glossiest of black with the whitest of ties. He had a gleaming smile, a thick square jaw and eyes that changed as you looked at them. 'What is it?' he said tranquilly, coming toward the door. 'Does the man want money? I do not like a disturbance on my door-step. A dog, did you say—white-haired—thin! Oh yes, I had him with two colleys yesterday afternoon. The brute! he was not worth the money I paid for him; he howled so we had to cut his windpipe before we could do anything with him. I wouldn't have had him if I could have got a third colley; they are so much more quiet and patient. Villain! did you say, old man? No, I'm a physiologist—you shouldn't be abusive; the law protects me, and we must have subjects. There, that'll do,' and he waved his hand gracefully. 'Go away now. Wants his body!' This to the man-servant. 'Oh, by all means. Joseph, give him what's left of him—it's in the back yard.' And the physiologist, member of at least one-half the scientific societies of Europe, and with a high repute throughout the British Isles for his learning and humanity, went calmly into his study to finish writing down the results of his experiments over night, on the two colleys and poor, white-haired Jack.

Caleb took the mangled body of his old friend reverently into his arms, he passed his hand tenderly over the strained eyeballs, the blood-stained throat, the severed ribs. 'My God,' he said, standing there in the snow and east wind outside the closed door, 'I can thank Thee now that I have no sight wherewith to see the wickedness these Thy creatures have wrought.'

The children came from round the corner and led him home again, 'Caleb still tenderly carrying Jack with his thin ragged handkerchief spread over the poor torn body.

Hours after, the neighbors wondered why there was not a sound of movement in the old man's room, and went up, fearing he might be ill, and there was he seated on the floor with Jack's body on his knee, and the words of thanksgiving still on his lips, "God, I thank Thee that I have no eyes to see this devil's work!'

Yes, he lives on, this old man, companionless and alone; the neighbors do what they can for him, and he rarely wants a loaf of bread or a cup of tea now. Every evening, as the clock strikes five, he gets up from his rickety chair, opens his door and stands listening for the patter and scramble of old Jack's feet upon the carpetless stairs! Silly! do you say?—he has gone silly! It may be so; I do not know. Often we are wisest when most we are called foolish, and foolish when we are thought to be most wise. I only know that old Caleb stands daily, blind and silent, at his open door listening for the footsteps that will never return.

Some day perhaps One may enter in with a message for him—the Angel of Death.

The Outlook of Pork.

The outlook for pork is not as promising as some weeks ago, and there is a disposition among holders of pork to get rid of stocks at present prices. This weakness is the result of the reckless speculation that has been general among dealers for the past three months, whereby prices were advanced to such an extreme point as to cut off all demands for export and materially reduce the home consumptive demand. Thus, while the number of hogs packed from March 1 is 550,964 less than during the same time in 1880, the foreign export has declined 280,000,000 lbs., equal to a million and a half of hogs. While, therefore, we have really packed half a million less hogs since March last, there is really the product of over a million more hogs in the country than at this date last season. This is certainly rather discouraging, and if there were no other causes at work to strengthen the market, a season of low prices might be looked for. But the situation in the country does not give promise of an average crop of hogs nor look favorably for the good condition of those that are being fed. This is the result of the high price of corn and the poor crop raised this present season. At present prices many farmers are selling their corn and will feed few hogs. There will therefore be a considerable decrease in the number of hogs packed as well as in the weights.

Whether the deficiency in numbers and weight will be enough to offset the decline in the foreign demand is a question that cannot be answered positively by any one; but if exports do not increase we may be certain that lower prices will rule. From the prospects we should think that the hogs first marketed will make the most money for their owners, as they have cost little for feed so far, and where a farmer has any fit to send forward, he risks very little in taking present prices. There may be a reaction in the trade later in the season, but it will be probably pretty late, especially if hogs come in rapidly in December. Those who sold early did best this season.

In the Detroit market pork has declined during the week, and mess is now quoted at $17.85 per bbl., against $18 75 one week ago. Smoked meats are also lower, as well as lard. In Chicago mess pork has declined to $15.50 per bbl, and closed weak at these figures.—*Michigan Farmer.*

WHAT THE BULLET DID.—The country is beginning to see the mighty effects of Guiteau's bullet. Grant is in power again; Conkling is spoken of as one of Arthur's constitutional advisers; the Star Route thieves are happy; the bands begin to play, and the panorama is unrolling.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

The schooner Delia Hodgkins capsized in a squall on the morning of Friday last about four miles off Pollock rip light ship. The captain and crew succeeded in getting aboard again and launching a boat, in which they left the schooner. They pulled all day for the light-ship, but failed to make it owing to the wind and current, and during the night four men died from cold and exhaustion and their bodies were thrown into the sea. Saturday morning the fifth man died. That evening the survivors were picked up and landed on Sunday at West Dennis, Mass.

"Shall I give you a dime, Freddie?'

"Yes, uncle; if—"

"Yes, if what?"

"Yes, if you haven't a quarter!"

THE FARM.

THINGS TO DO NOW.—Get your heating apparatus in order, all repairs made, and flues cleaned out at once. Don't wait for cold weather to hurry you. Get in winter supply of fuel.—Make up a manure pile of rich muck, leaf-mold, and manure. It will pay.—House your milch cows and other cattle at night now. It will save feed.—Repair broken panes of glass, have fastenings on your window-blinds, get out your storm-houses, and get ready for cold weather.—Dig your potatoes, bleach the celery, put in a spinach-bed, pick loose stones off the ground and repair the road with them.—Husk your corn while you can do it without gloves or mittens.

THE DRIVE WELL.

The Grange Visitor of Oct. 15 contains a reprint from another paper of a letter from Messrs. Lake & Hannon, prominent attorneys of Independence, Iowa, who have delved into the history of this drive well, and they boldly state that if the people will combine they can beat this patent as they did the slide-gate. They assert that they are able to prove the existence and use of these driven wells long before they were patented by Green, and they were abandoned by him to the public. This is the ground taken by our granger friends in Michigan, and in pursuance thereof they propose to fight, and invite all outside the order who are interested to unite with them. At its last meeting Capital grange pledged $50, if called upon, to aid in defending these cases, and more will be given if necessary, as we are informed by the master, Prof. W. J. Beal of the Agricultural college. He also authorizes the statement that the grange will be glad to receive a little help from any outside of the order who may feel disposed to assist. Small amounts—say a half dollar or dollar—may be sent to Prof. Beal, and will be thankfully received, but no one will personally solicit contributions.—*Lansing Republican.*

How to Fatten Turkeys.

Nothing pays better to be sent to market in prime condition than the turkey crop. Many farmers do not understand this. Their turkeys grow on limited range, get little or no food at home through the summer, and if fed at all with regularity, it is only for two or three weeks before killing. I see these lean, bony carcasses in the local markets every winter, and feel sorry for the owner's loss. They have received a small price for their birds, and a still poorer price for the food fed out. The average life of a turkey is only seven months, and the true economy of feeding is to give the chicks all they can digest from the shell to the slaughter. If they can get all they can eat on the range, that is well. Usually this should be supplemented by regular rations when they come from the roost in the morning, and two or three hours before they go to roost at night. The food may be slack in the morning, so that they will go to the range with good appetites, and fuller at night. They should be put upon a regular coarse of fattening food as early as the first of October, when you purpose to kill the best birds at Thanksgiving. The younger and lighter birds should be reserved for Christmas and New Year's markets. They continue growing quite rapidly until mid-winter, and you will be well paid for the longer feeding. There is nothing better for fattening than old corn, fed partly in the kernel and partly in cooked meal, mashed up with potatoes. Feed three times a day, giving the warm meal in the morning, and feeding in troughs with plenty of room, so that all the flock may have a chance. Northern corn has more oil in it than southern, and is worth more for turkey food. Use milk for fattening, if you keep a dairy farm. Feed only so much as they will eat up clean. Cultivate the acquaintance of your turkeys as you feed them. No more charming sight greets your vision in the whole circle of the year than a flock of bronze turkeys coming at the call from their roosts on a frosty November morning. New corn is apt to make the bowels loose, and this should be guarded against. There is generally green food enough in the fields to meet their wants in the fall, and cabbage and turnips need not be added until winter sets in. If the bowels get loose give them scalded milk, which will generally correct the evil. Well fattened and well dressed turkeys will generally bring two or three cents a pound more than the lean birds. It will not only be better for the purse, but for your manhood, to send nothing but finished products to the market.

Improved stock has proved the problem of how to make the farm pay. Raise such crops as can best be fed to stock, and to this market our farm crop brings the best profits with the least labor. Prominent among such crops is grass. Let us have more grass pasturage; take better care of it; don't pasture it to death; give the grass a chance and it will pay better than any other crop for the stock farmer. Next comes the timothy and clover hay crops, and if pasturage is short, a plat of rye sown in the fall affords a fine green food for winter. A plat of sowed corn yields a rich crop to help out the short pasture of July and August. A good crop of oats is specially desirable for horses and sheep. Our standard corn crop is, next to grass, the most important for the stock farmer. Experience proves the benefit of grinding corn to get the best results. Steaming and cooking is advantageous, but ground corn and oats is a more popular feed.

It is poor economy to postpone the regular heavy feeding of hogs intended for the slaughter until cold weather. They fatten more easily during the mild weather of October than in the usual cold of December and January. The first cold spell after the middle of November should find them fat enough to kill and they should all be in the smokehouses before Christmas. It is likewise poor economy to stint food and stop short of a good fat condition because corn is scarce—while pork is also correspondingly high. It is perhaps better policy to kill all that can be brought into fair condition, rather than carry them through the winter and spring and risk possible disease for another twelve month. In many sections of the country there is a scarcity of provisions, and this scarcity will be more keenly felt next spring than now. It is therefore wise to reduce the number of animals which require to be fed, and thus, relatively, increase the food supply.